

The Mirror

OF

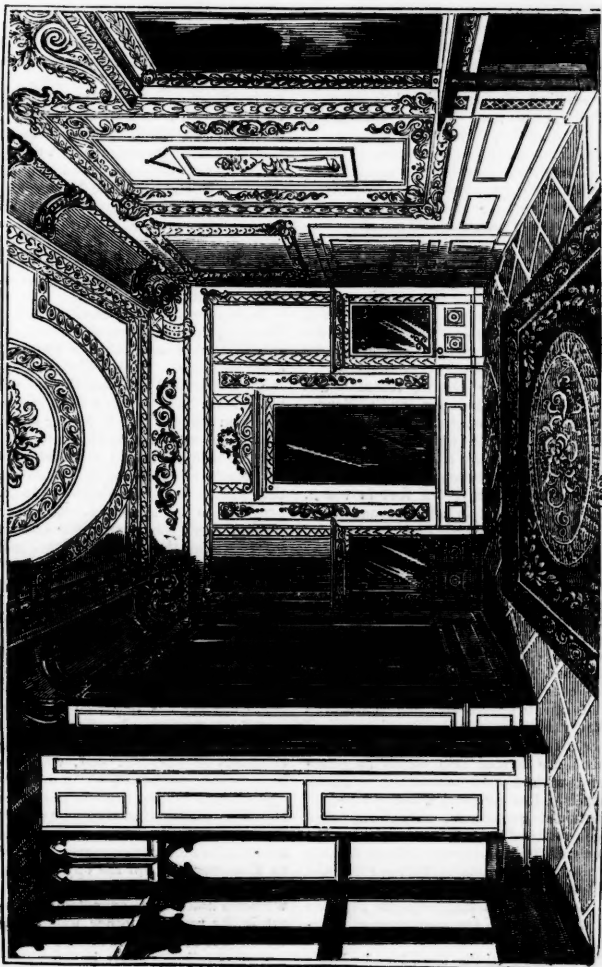
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 444.]

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1830.

[Price 2d.

WINDSOR CASTLE.



HIS LATE MAJESTY'S PRIVATE DINING ROOM.

PRIVATE DINING ROOM WINDSOR CASTLE.

THE chastely-elegant apartment on the annexed page, was the private dining-room of his late Majesty. Here the King usually dined in plain style, probably endeavouring to assimilate the splendour of regal state with the less ostentatious comfort of domestic life. On such occasions he laid aside much of the pomp of royalty, and with a "retired few," his Majesty showed many of those kindly feelings which the most rigid biographers must number among his good qualities. Ease and elegance of manners, unalloyed with kingly pride, lent many a charm to the royal table; whilst a bland and munificent disposition is known to have endeared his Majesty to all around him, and will cause his memory to be long and fondly cherished. Each may say, as the virtuous John Evelyn did of his sovereign, "He was even kind to me, and very gracious upon all occasions, and therefore I cannot, without ingratitude, but deplore his loss, which for many respects, as well as duty, I do with all my soul."

The "Private Dining Room" was originally intended for an audience-chamber, but being contiguous to his Majesty's private apartments, it was preferred as a *salle à manger*. It is of beautiful proportions, (thirty-seven feet in length by twenty-one feet in width, and eighteen feet in height,) and is exquisitely designed. The large oriel window commands the whole of the flower-garden, with its fountain and statues, and beyond this scene of trim nature, is a prospect of less cultivated luxuriance.

The ceiling of the room is formed into three circular compartments, with enriched mouldings, massive trusses in the cove supporting the upper portion. The centre spaces and angles between the trusses have a beautiful scroll of French foliage. The sides of the apartment are divided into panels by pilasters, with carved mouldings. These panels, when the room was first finished, contained green silk, which has since been removed—the whole of the ceiling and walls being now of a delicate French white. In two panels, to the right and left of the chimney-piece, are portraits of her late Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte, and of the late Queen of Wurtemberg.

The whole of the carved and plaster enrichments and mouldings of the dining room are entirely gilt. Mirrors in rich gilt frames occupy the panels be-

tween the pilasters, which, by reflecting the many beauties of the room, almost produce an effect of fairy enchantment. The chimney-piece is of black marble inlaid with ormolu ornaments. The floor is of oak, with a broad margin inlaid in lozenge forms, and covered with a rich carpet of Axminster manufacture, the ground colour maroon, divided into compartments similar to the ceiling.

The window curtains are of green silk damask, with a yellow flower, and deep border and fringe of silk bullion. The chairs, sofas, and couches are all richly carved and gilt, with coverings of green silk damask. A circular table of Amboyna wood, with gilded pillar, occupies the centre of the room; and suspended from the ceiling are three large chandeliers of admirable design and workmanship. The oriel window is a superb feature of the room, each compartment being of an entire piece of plate glass, measuring six feet by two, and of considerable thickness.*

It may not be uninteresting to know that the late King generally dined in this room at nine o'clock, and not unfrequently alone. The table-service, on such occasions, was mostly of white and brown china, and not of silver as has been stated. This late hour is much at variance with the early habits of his present Majesty, who rises at seven, breakfasts about nine, and usually retires to rest at eleven o'clock. Indeed, previous to his accession, and when at Bushy, there was some little difficulty in assembling the family to breakfast at so early an hour as we have stated; but the Duke, rather than have his arrangements interfered with, at length got rid of the inconvenience of the "falsely luxurious," by breakfasting alone.

We ought not to part with the reader without commending to his notice, the extreme delicacy and chaste finish which our Engraver has imparted to the annexed Illustration. In effect it is even superior to his execution of the Bedchamber, in our No. 437, which, we have reason to know, has gained him high credit. Our praise, on the present occasion, may perhaps be suspected of some duplicity: before we are thus taxed, it ought, however, to be remembered that an Engraver has not the opportunity of returning such a compliment; and, as we often notice well-executed works of art in the pages of other publications, we do not see why we should overlook any extraordinary merit in this Illustration.

* The furniture is omitted from this room for the reason stated in our description of the Royal Bedchamber in No. 437 of *The Mirror*.

tions of our own. To this rank we honestly conceive the annexed Engraving to be entitled, and accordingly have much pleasure in awarding the distinction; although its intrinsic merit did not need our assistance.

A ROYAL FUNERAL.

(For the Mirror.)

"A PRINCE to the fate of a peasant has yielded:
The tapestry waves dark through the dim-
lighted hall;
With 'scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall;
Through the courts at deep midnight the torches
are gleaming—
In the proudly-arch'd chapel the banners are
beaming—
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is stream-
ing,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall." *Sir W. Scott.*

THE EV'NING'S VEIL

Was o'er Augusta and her many spires,
And seem'd accordant with the general gloom;
Old England's flag, that on a festal day
Gave to the breeze its ample folds, then hung,
From church and turret, motionless and low;
Each harbour'd ship within the river shared
The decent sorrow for a chieftain's doom,
And lower'd her pennon. Through the stilly
streets

The sable crowds moved silently along,
Like sombre clouds in a November sky.
Anon St. Paul's sent forth its heavy knell,
And all around each bell momentarily gave
A piteous echo. From the ancient fort
Graced with the polish'd Caesar's deathless name,
The minute-gun was heard;—and flash on flash
Shower'd down its sparks into the quenching
moat—

A boisterous sorrow, terrible and loud,
Whose reverberations shook the solid tower,
As distantly a "thund'ring peal" replied.

* * * * *

BUT WHERE

The "house of mourning" for the monarch's
death?

Where Windsor rears its battlemented head—
Amidst the haunts which laughing Shakspeare
drew

In fadeless colours—near to where the muse
Of matchless Pope entwined the "forest" wreath.
There from its portals issued forth the rain
Which bore a king unto his costly tomb;
And sparkling crest, and pearly coronet,
The herald's garb, the noble's rich attire,
Threw back the blaze of the funereal torch:
Which, through the dimness of the muffled
night,
Cast on each panoply its pallid glare.

AND THERE WAS SEEN

The "pomp and circumstance" of regal pride—
The germ of royalty, its spacious roots,
Its spreading branches, and its stately tree,
Around the relics of that sacred dust.
In marshal state, the glitt'ring pageant,
The train majestic, with the multitude,
Mov'd slowly onwards to St. George's fane,
Whose Gothic glory veil'd in ev'ning gloom
The sculptor's marble and the painter's hue.

The kingly records of triumphant death,
In weeping forms of placid sculpture stood,
With ever-watchful eye and mute regret,
Within the temple of the sepulchre
Where round a sovereign's bier the burial throng
Again had met.

UNTO HIS FATHER'S TOMB

That king was "gathered" with becoming state,
Such as was fitting with the peerless grace
Of him the lordly bard pronounced "a man—
"A finish'd gentleman, from top to toe."

The pleasant morn awoke with sunny smile,
And all the previous pomp dissolved in day;
While to the millions of this busy earth
But memory of the mournful night remain'd.

* * * H.

RULES FOR JUDGING OF THE WEATHER.

HAPPENING to look over the last volume
of your interesting publication, and
seeing the article at page 72, entitled
"Signs of the Seasons," it put me in
mind of some quaint lines at the end of
the Perpetual Almanack, published at
Salisbury, in the year 1777, which I
hope will not prove either uninteresting
or unuseful to your readers, at this varia-
ble season. F. J.

If you'd be weather-wise, attend
The plain instructions of a friend,
Who will with certain signs explain
Which promise snow, or hail, or rain;
By which you may, with prudent care,
Against a stormy day prepare.
Since various tokens bounteous Heaven
For mankind's use hath kindly giv'n,
Contemplate with curious eye,
And study how to read the sky.

If blue the morning sky appear,
The day will be serene and clear;
But if red clouds with black prevail,
Expect a storm of rain or hail.

When'er the moon, night's silver queen,
Is hid by clouds of darkish green,
And stars, just seen, appear to low'r,
Depend you'll have a heavy show'r.

If in the sun or moon appear
Black spots, altho' the sky is clear,
Be sure a storm is very near;
And if the deuteous rainbow's seen,
Where the mild weather is serene,
Bleak winds will quickly change the scene. }

If a prodigious cloud you spy,
Pass quickly on, tho' very high:
The wind will bring a storm of rain,
And blow a dreadful hurricane.

When the sun's beams are broad and red,
Some boisterous weather you may dread.

When'er the evening is serene,
And in the east the rainbow's seen,
The following morning will be fine,
And the bright sun unclouded shine.

When flashing quickly thro' the sky
You see the forked lightnings fly,
And cannot yet the thunder hear,
Expect fine weather to appear.

When in a clear, but wintry night,
The stars are twinkling large and bright,
And the black clouds in flocks are lost,
Depend you're threaten'd with a frost.

When winds irregularly blow,
And dingy clouds pass to and fro,
You may expect a deal of snow. }
And if you find no morning dew,
Be sure cold weather will ensue.

If round the moon a circle's seen
Of white, and all the sky's serene,
The following day you may divine
Will surely prove exceeding fine.

Whene'er in autumn, or in spring,
A mist the moon doth with it bring,
At noon the sun will bright appear—
The evening be serene and clear.

In winter, store of rain and snow
A spring and summer fine foreshow;
But if too mild the winter's found,
Diseases will in spring abound.

CARDS.*

(For the Mirror.)

THE four kings—David, Alexander, Cæsar, and Charles, which names are still on the French cards, represent the four celebrated monarchies of the Jews, Greeks, Romans, and Franks, under Charlemagne. The consorts of these illustrious personages are named Argine, Esther, Judith, and Pallas—typical of birth, piety, fortitude, and wisdom. Argine is an anagram of "Regina," Queen by descent. By the knaves were designed the servants or *valets* of the Kings, for Knave originally meant a Servant. ACE DE TREFLE.

* See *Mirror*, vol. iii. p. 211.

The Sketch-Book.

THE RATS' TOWER.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

IF you have ever been on the Rhine, you must have heard the annexed legend from some of its boatmen. Every man tells the story in his own way, and I dare say I have written it something in my way, although the substance of the story is as I received it.†

Between Mayence and Caub, on the Rhine, is Bingen, and below it the *Maus Thurm*, or the Tower of the Rats, to which rather a romantic story is attached, but in which no faith can be placed. Its founder is generally believed to be Hatton, Abbé of Fuld, and afterwards Archbishop of Mayence, who lived about the tenth century—a man of great piety and learning, and who, by the extreme rigour he enforced in the discharge of the monastic duties, irritated his monks against him. In those days, the passage across the Rhine was extremely dangerous, and no doubt the

worthy prelate's intention in erecting this structure was to serve as a sort of beacon to the boatmen. Its original name, "*Mauth Zoll*," meaning the payment of duties, leads to this inference, that it was erected as a toll-house. It is not unlikely that it embraced both objects. It is to Hatton's discontented monastery that the origin of the following legend is attributed; and the present boatmen on the Rhine, to whom it has been handed down, tell you that the archbishop was a great miser, and hard-hearted, and that when he extended his hand, it was to bless, not to give; and that during his government it came to pass that a great famine spread through all the districts of the Rhine, and many men died from extreme want; and many unfortunate creatures assembled round Hatton's palace, at Mayence, and cried to him for bread, but he refused to relieve their wants, and treated them as a seditious people. The poor then became more urgent, for the archbishop's granaries were full, and he gave orders that their doors should remain closed; whereupon their distress forced them to rise in arms against their holy governor; and he sent his archers out against them, and the number that was taken was very great. Then Hatton ordered them, as many as there were, men, women, and children, old and young, to be enclosed in a large barn, and the monster with his own hand set fire to its roof, and all who were within were consumed; and Hatton stood by, and gloried in the sight. The stones wept at the sight; but Hatton's heart was harder than stone, for he laughed at their torture and cries, and he said—"Hear ye the squeaking of the rats?" But Heaven heard the cry of the poor, and vengeance fell on the head of this naughty man. But too soon his ear became familiar to the squeak of the rat; what he had before only imagined, he now but too distinctly heard; swarms of these animals entered his castle, so that no one could defend himself from them. The spirit of the phoenix was within them, for as Hatton's vassals slaughtered them they rose again. The earth brought them forth, and threw them amongst the riches of the prelate, as a volcano sends forth its burning stones. And Hatton fled to Bingen, and caused a high tower to be built in the Rhine; and he crossed over in a small boat, and shut himself up therein; but the rats forsook him not—they pursued him with vigour to Bingen, and they swam over to the tower, and climbed to its summit, and fell as a shower on

† A metrical version of this legend will be found at page 68 of vol. xii. of *The Mirror*, where it is called the "Mouse Tower."

Hatton, and made war with him, and they gnawed and devoured him alive. And when this wicked man was no more, that he should leave no trace of his existence behind him, they traversed the tapestries that were hung within the tower, and wherever they found the name of "Hatton" they gnawed it out; and the name of Hatton was no where to be seen. And to this day the troubled spirit of the prelate hovers on the top of the tower in the shape of a dense fog.

J. L. S.

THE PILGRIM.

(For the Mirror.)

Tired with my long journey, and the rugged and toilsome road across the stupendous Apennines, I had seated myself on a projecting rock, on which the setting sun shed a golden radiance. I determined to enjoy the beauty of the scene, which Nature in one of her most lavish moods had spread beneath my feet. It was redolent of beauty. Before me lay a widely extended campaign country, with the far distant towers of a fortified city in the horizon; beneath me the beautiful Vale of Almeida, with its happy village, its vine-covered cottages, its smoke of hospitality rising to the skies, and its mirthful, innocent inhabitants, congregated on the verdant sward, and mixing in the gay dance; while the breezes of evening bore to my ear sweet sounds of voices, mingled with the exhilarating echo of castanets, and tinkling of guitars. At a little distance from the group was an old man; his long hair fell in ringlets of silver on his shoulders, and he seemed busy in attendance on the tired mules that were grazing near. I felt myself interested by his appearance, and gathering up the remains of my repast, I took my staff and descended. By the time I reached the group, the sunbeams had quitted the valley, but were yet brightly shining on the mountains; the villagers had gathered closer together. A young girl, the strong Spanish character of whose appearance instantly struck me, had seated herself on a little mound; the old people had crept closely round her, and the silver-haired Muleteer was lying at her feet. I stopped to contemplate the picture—Age gazing on Youth—the past commingling with the present.

The girl was habited in the half bodice of her country, of bright yellow, trimmed and puffed with black; while, the short, brown petticoat with yellow points; the blue stocking, and the small

half shoe with red strings about the slender ankle; the long, braided raven hair; the eye of sparkling, jetty hue; the clear, olive skin; the ruby lip, and even teeth of peculiar whiteness—gave her the very imprint of a Spanish dream. She was tuning her guitar; the old Muleteer's head lay on her lap, his white hair streaming over her black dress, like the first streaks of day, breaking on a dark and stormy night. His arm and sun-burnt withered hand twined around her, and his glassy eye fixed on hers, reminded me of a picture I had seen by Murillo, of Winter basking in the smile of Spring. From the attention with which all the old regarded her, and the preparation the young made to commence their dance with her song, I saw at once she was the Village Minstrel Queen! She sang—I stood entranced. There was a native, wild melody—a happy freshness in her voice, which brought tears in my eyes, I knew not why.

I slept that night at the old Muleteer's; his grand-daughter repeated her song to me, and with her own taper fingers traced the Spanish words of her ballad; nothing in themselves, but from circumstances rendered dear to me. Her scroll is in my bosom, and the following is a weak translation of the original:—

DAILY dance on summer nights,
Spanish maids, the light Fandango;
Lovers breathing new delights,
As they dance the light Fandango.
But hark! what sound approaches nerr?
'Tis tinkling bell of Muleteer,
To Spanish Maidens ever dear,
As they dance the light Fandango.

Happy made by those they love,
How charming is the gay Bolero,
To music of guitars they move
Thro' the mazy gay Bolero.
But hark! the sound of convent bell,
Warns lovers true to bid farewell,
Next eve to meet in fragrant dell,
And dance again the gay Bolero.

M. B.

Retrospective Cleanings.

THE two subsequent extracts appropriately belong to this division of *The Mirror*, although they occur in the volume of the *Family Library*, recently published, and noticed in our last No.

BRITISH DOGS.

[Dr. Caius, it seems, wrote a treatise on *British Dogs*, which was enlarged in 1560.]

In this memoir he gives a brief account of the variety of dogs existing,

in his time, in this country, and adds a systematic table of them, subjoining, for the instruction of his correspondent, their English names, which are as follow : — “Terrare — harier — bludhunde — gasehunde — grehunde — leviner, or lyemmer — tumbler — spainel — setter — water-spainel, or fynder — spainel-gentle, or comforter — shepherd’s-dog — mastive, or bande dog — wappe — turn-spit — dancer.”

Of his manner of treating his subject, the following may be given as specimens : —

The *Terrare* takes its name from its subterraneous employ, being a small kind of hound, used to force the fox, or other beasts of prey, out of their holes.

The *Harier* derives its name from hunting the hare.

The *Bludhunde*, or *Slothunde*, was of great use, and in high esteem, among our ancestors. *Slot* means the impression left by the foot of the dog in the mire. This dog was remarkable for the acuteness of his smell, tracing any wounded game that had escaped from the hunter, and following the footsteps of the thief, let the distance of his flight be ever so great. The bloodhound was in great request on the confines of England and Scotland, when the Borderers were continually preying on the herds and flocks of their neighbours, and was used also by Wallace and Bruce during the civil wars.

The *Gasehunde* would select from the herd the fattest and fairest deer, pursue it by the eye, and, if lost for a time, recover it, and again select it from the herd which it might have rejoined. (This species is now extinct, or, at least, unknown.)

The *Grehunde* was the first in rank among dogs, as appears from the forest-laws of Canute, who enacted, “That no one under the degree of a gentleman should presume to keep a greyhound;” as also from an old Welsh saying, which signifies that you may know a gentleman by his hawke, his horse, and grehunde. Notwithstanding the rank it held among the canine race, Caius mentions, on the authority of Froissart, the following fact, not much to the credit of the fidelity of this species : — When that unhappy prince, Richard the Second, was taken in Flint Castle, his favourite greyhound immediately deserted him, and fawned on his rival, Bolingbroke, as if he understood and foresaw the misfortunes of his former master. This act of ingratitude, the unfortunate monarch observed, and declared aloud, to be the presage of his future death.

The *Leviner* or *Lyemmer*. — The first name is derived from the lightness of the kind; the other from the old word *Lyemme*, a thong; this species being used to be led with a thong, and slipped at the game. This dog hunted both by scent and sight, and in the form of its body observed a medium between the hound and the grehunde. They were chiefly used for the chase of wolves. According to Caius, we are indebted to Spain for the *Spainel*; but the *Comforter*, or *Spainel-gentle* comes from Malta.

The *Mastive*, or *Bandedog*, of these, he says, three were a match for a bear, and four for a lion. It appears that Great Britain was so noted for its mastiffs, that the Roman Emperors appointed an officer in this island, with the title of Procurator Cynegii, whose sole business it was to breed, and transmit from hence to the amphitheatre, such dogs as would prove equal to the combats exhibited at that place. The mastiff has been described, by other naturalists, as a species of great size and strength, and a very loud barker; whence they have derived its name, mastiff, quasi *Mase thefese*; it being supposed to frighten away robbers by its tremendous voice.

URN BURIAL. BY SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

In 1658, the discovery of some ancient urns in Norfolk gave him occasion to write “A Discourse of Sepulchral Urns,” in which he treats, with his usual learning, on the funeral rites of the ancient nations, exhibits their various treatment of the dead; and examines the substances found in the urns discovered in Norfolk. There is, perhaps, none of his works which better exemplifies his reading or memory. It is scarcely to be imagined how many particulars he has amassed together, in a treatise which seems to have been written for the occasion; and for which, therefore, no materials could have been previously collected.

In his epistle dedicatory to his worthy and honoured friend, Thomas Le Gros, of Crostwick, Esquire, he observes, “when the funeral pyre was out, and the last valediction over, men took a lasting adieu of their interred friends, little expecting the curiosity of future ages should comment upon their ashes, and having no old experience of the duration of their reliques, held no opinion of such after consideration. But who knows the fate of his bones, or how often he is to be buried?”

He thinks that the practice of burn-

ing and burying the body were equally ancient. According to some tradition, Adam was buried near Damascus, or Mount Calvary; and Abraham and the patriarchs were also buried. Hector was burned before the gates of Troy. Among the Romans, Manlius, the consul, burnt the body of his son; but Numa, by a special clause in his will, was not burnt, but buried; and Remus was also solemnly buried. The two ceremonies seem, therefore, to have been coeval and indifferent. The origin of *cremation*, or burning, he thinks, may be attributed to the opinions of those ancient philosophers who conceived that fire was the master principle in the composition of our bodies; and, therefore, funeral piles were heaped up, in order to wait them more speedily to their native element. But the Indian Brahmins, he is rather disposed to think, "are too great friends unto fire, for they imagine it the noblest way to end their days in fire, and therefore burn themselves alive." He mentions the different modes of burying as practised by various nations, and remarks that the rites of sepulture do not seem to be confined to man, for there would appear to be some approach to this practice among elephants, cranes, ants, and bees; "the latter civil society," says Browne, "at least carry out their dead, and hath exequies, if not interments."

The discovery which gave immediate occasion to this Treatise, he relates in the following words:—

"In a field of old Walsingham, not many months past, were dugged up between forty and fifty urns, deposited in a dry and sandy soil not a yard deep, not far from one another; not all strictly of one figure, but most answering those described; some containing two pounds of bones, distinguishable in skulls, ribs, jaws, thigh-bones, and teeth, with fresh impressions of their combustion; besides the extraneous substances, like pieces of small boxes, combs handsomely wrought, handles of small brass instruments, brazen nippers, and in one, some kind of opale." Coals and cinders were dug up in the neighbourhood, from which he conjectures that this was the place (*ustrina*) for burning their bodies. The urns themselves, he supposes to be Roman, and either containing the ashes of Romans themselves, or of Romanized natives, who had adopted and observed the customs of their conquerors. The spot was not far from a Roman station or garrison, five miles only from Brancaster, an-

ciently called Brannodunum. He thinks that Britain was formerly very populous; and though many Roman habitations are not known, yet that the Romans were at one time in great number in this country, would appear from the fact that 70,000, with their associates, were slain in the battle in which Queen Boadicea commanded. That Britain was a conquest held in great esteem by the Romans, there can be no doubt; in fact though so far removed from the capital of the empire, no fewer than ten imperial persons had visited it, viz. Cæsar, Claudius, Britannicus, Vespasian, Titus, Adrian, Severus, Commodus, Geta, and Caracalla.

Of the precise antiquity of these reliques in Norfolk, nothing could be known, for there were no ancient coins or medals enclosed within the urns, which might lead to any conjecture about the date of the interment. In some which had been dug up "in Spittlefields (Spitalfields,) near London, the coins of Cladius, Vespasian, Commodus, Antoninus, together with lachrymatories, lamps, bottles of liquor, and other articles of affectionate superstition," had been discovered. From the thinness of the bones in the Norfolk urns, particularly of the skulls, the smallness of the teeth, and the slenderness of the ribs and thigh bones, it was not improbable that many of them were the remains of women, or of persons of tender age. After a very learned dissertation upon the funeral customs of the Greeks, the Romans, the Egyptians, the Jews, the Danes, &c., he concludes in favour of *cremation*, or burning; for, says he, "to be knaved out of our graves, to have our skulls made drinking bowls, and our bones turned into pipes, to delight and sport our enemies, are tragical abominations, escaped in burning burials."

The high strain of moral reflection with which Browne closes his Treatise on Urn-burial, affords passages of splendid eloquence that cannot easily be equalled. For example—

"There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things. Our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors'. To be read by bare inscriptions, like many in Gruter; to hope for eternity by any metrical epithets, or first letters of our names; to be studied by antiquaries who we were, and have new names given us like many of the mummies, are cold consolations

unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages.

"The night of time far surpasseth the day—who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic, which scarce stands one moment.—Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings. Who knows whether the best of men be known: or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time?—The sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state, after death, makes a folly of posthumous memory. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave, solemnizing natiivities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infancy of his nature."

WHY THE HANGMAN IS CALLED JACK KETCH.

In 1664, Dun was the name of the public executioner, and for many years he continued to be known by that name. A famous gentleman of that profession celebrated for the ease and celerity with which he fixed the fatal noose, is mentioned by Cotton, in *Virgil Travestie*:

"Away therefore my lass does trot,
And presently an halter got,
Made of the best strong hempen tear
And, ere a cat could lick her ear,
Had tied it up with as much art
As *Dun* himself could do for his heart."

Twelve years after, one Jack Ketch was advanced to the post of finisher of the law. This is now more than 140 years ago, but this gentleman has had the honour of giving his name to all executioners since his time. In the reign of Charles I. they were called Ketch, as appears by a political satire, written about that time:—

"Till Ketch observing he was chous'd,
And in his profits much abus'd,
In open hall the consul dunn'd,
To do his office or refund."

M. B. H.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

DANISH BALLADS.

No. XI. of the *Foreign Quarterly Review* has furnished us with the following serious and comic ballads, from the Danish. They increase our obligations to the conductors of the above excellent work, and will doubtless add to the gratification of the reader:—

AAGER AND ELIZA.

'Twas the valiant knight, Sir Aager,
He to the far island hied,
There he wedded sweet Eliza,
She of maidens was the pride.

There he married sweet Eliza,
With her lands and ruddy gold;
Woe is me! the Monday after,
Dead he lay beneath the mould.

In her bower sat sweet Eliza,
Scream'd, and would not be consoled;
And the good Sir Aager listen'd,
Underneath the dinky mould.

Up Sir Aager rose, his coffin
Bore he on his bended back;
Tow'rd the bower of sweet Eliza
Was his sad and silent track.

He the door tapp'd with his coffin,
For his fingers had no skin;
"Rise, O rise, my sweet Eliza!
Rise, and let thy bridegroom in."

Straightway answered fair Eliza—
"I will not undo my door
'Till thou name the name of Jesus,
Even as thou couldst at before."

"Rise, O rise, mine own Eliza!
And undo thy chamber door;
I can name the name of Jesus,
Even as I could of yore."

Up then rose the sweet Eliza,
Down her cheek tears streaming ran;
Unto her, within the bower,
She admits the spectre man.

She her golden comb has taken,
And has comb'd his yellow hair,—
On each lock that she adjusted
Fell a hot and briny tear.

"Listen now, my good Sir Aager!
Dearest bridegroom, all I crave
Is to know how it goes with thee
In that lonely place, the grave?"

"Every time that thou rejoicest,
And art happy in thy mind,
Are my lonely grave's recesses
All with leaves of roses in'd."

"Every time that, love, thou grieve'st,
And dost shed thy briny flood,
Are my lonely grave's recesses
Fill'd with black and loathsome blood."

"Heard I not the red cock crowing?
I, my dearest, must away;
Down to earth the dead are going,
And behind I must not stay."

"Hear I not the black cock crowing?
To the grave I down must go;
Now the gates of heaven are opening,
Fare thee well for ever moe!"

Up Sir Aager stood—the coffin
Takes he on his bended back;
To the dark and distant churchyard,
Is his melancholy track.

Up then rose the sweet Eliza,
Full courageous was her mood,
And her bridegroom she attended
Through the dark and dreary wood.

When the forest they had travers'd,
And within the churchyard were,
Faded then of good Sir Aager
Straight the lovely yellow hair.

When the churchyard they had travers'd,
And the church's threshold cross'd,
Straight the cheek of good Sir Aager
All its rosy colours lost.

"Listen, now, my sweet Eliza!
If my peace be dear to thee,
Never thou, from this time forward,
Pine or shed a tear for me."

"Turn, I pray thee, up to heaven
To the little stars thy sight:
Then thou mayest know for certain
How it fareth with the knight."

Soon as e'er her eyes to heaven
To the little stars she rear'd,
Into earth the dead man glided,
And to her no more appear'd.

Homeward went the sweet Eliza,
Grief of her had taken hold:
Woe is me! the Monday after,
Dead she lay beneath the mould."

WHEN I WAS LITTLE.

Der var en Tid, da jeg, var meget lille.

THERE was a time when I was very tiny,
My dwarfish form had scarce an ell's length won;
Of which I think thereon, full tear-drops briny,
And yet I think full many a time thereon.

Then I upon my mother's bosom toy'd me,
Or rode delighted on my father's knee;
And sorrow, fear, and gloom no more annoy'd
me,

Than ancient Greek, or modern minstrelsy.

If smaller, then, the world to me was seeming,
A's! much better was it in mine eyes;
For I beheld the stars like sparklets gleaming,
And wish'd for wings to make them all my prize.

When I, behind the hill the moon saw gliding,
Oft thought I (earth had then no mystery),
That I could learn, and bring my mother tidings,
How large, how round, and what that moon
might be!

Wond'ring I trac'd God's flaming sun careering,
Towards the west, unto the ocean bed;
And yet again at morn in east appearing,
And dying the whole orient scarlet red.

And then I thought on Him, the great, the gra-
cious,

Who me created, and that beacon bright,
And those pearl-rows which all heaven's arches
spacious,
From pole to pole illuminate at night.

My youthful lip would pray in deep devotion,
The prayer my blessed mother taught to me;
Thy wisdom, God! thy mercy, shall the emotion
Of worship wake, and wake unceasingly.

Then prayed I for my father, for my mother—
My sister too, and all the family;
For unknown things, and for our wretched
brother,

The cripple, who went sighing, staggering by.
They slid away—my childhood's days of plea-
sure,—

Away with them my joy and quiet slid:
Remembrance but remains—and of that treasure
That I should be bereav'd, O God! forbid!

THE LATE KING.

THE following verses "from a well-known veteran in literature," have appeared in the *Times* journal:—

IN OBITUM REGIS DESIDERATISSIMI, GEORGE IV.
Now that thine eyes are closed in death, and all
The "glories of thy birth and state,"* and
power,

Are pass'd, as the vain pageant of an hour,
Ending in that poor corse, beneath that pall,
The tribute of a Briton's love I pay—
Not to the living King, but the cold clay
Before me:—

* Alluding to those fine and majestic lines by
Shirley, set to music by Edward Colman,
"The glories of our birth and state."

Let the thron'd and mighty, call
For worldly adulation. The pale dead
Mocks him, who offers it: but truth, instead,
O'er the reft Crown, shall say—

"The King who wore—
Wore it, majestically, yet most mild—
Meek mercy bless'd the Sceptre which he bore;
Arts, a fair train, beneath his fostering, smil'd,
And who could speak of sorrow, but his eye
Did glisten with a tear of Charity?
Oh, if defects, the best and wisest have,
Leave them, for pity leave them—to that God—
That God, who lifts the balance, or the rod—
And close, with parting pray'r, the curtain o'er
the grave."

July 10.

W. L. BOWLES.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

INSECT TRANSFORMATIONS.

THE appearance of the second part of this volume of the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, enables us to add a few words on the entomological portion of the series. The investigations of the editor appear to have been conducted with unwearied diligence, and are brought up to the day, so as to illustrate the present state of knowledge upon this interesting department of natural history. A few extracts follow:—

Cheese-hoppers.

Those who have, from popular associations, been accustomed to look with disgust at the little white larvæ common in cheese, well known under the name of *hoppers*, will be somewhat surprised to hear the illustrious Swammerdam say, "I can take upon me to affirm, that the limbs and other parts of this maggot are so uncommon and elegant, and contrived with so much art and design, that it is impossible not to acknowledge them to be the work of infinite power and wisdom, from which nothing is hid, and to which nothing is impossible."* But whoever will examine it with care, will find that Swammerdam has not exaggerated the facts.

The cheese-fly (*Piophilæ Casci*, FALLEN) is very small and black, with whitish wings, margined with black. It was one of those experimented upon by Redi to prove that insects, in the fabric of which so much art, order, contrivance, and wisdom appear, could not be the production of chance or rottenness, but the work of the same Omnipotent hand which created the heavens and the earth. This tiny little fly is accordingly furnished with an admirable

† Bibl. Naturæ, vol. ii. p. 63.

instrument for depositing its eggs, in an ovipositor, which it can thrust out and extend to a great length, so that it can penetrate to a considerable depth into the cracks of cheese, where it lays its eggs, two hundred and fifty-six in number. "I have seen them myself," says Swammerdam, "thrust out their tails for this purpose to an amazing length, and by that method bury the eggs in the deepest cavities. I found in a few days afterwards a number of maggots which had sprung from those eggs, perfectly resembling those of the first brood that had produced the mother-fly. I cannot but also take notice that the rottenness of cheese is really caused by these maggots; for they both crumble the substance of it into small particles and also moisten it with some sort of liquid, so that the decayed part rapidly spreads. I once observed a cheese which I had purposely exposed to this kind of fly grow moist in a short time in those parts of it where eggs had been deposited, and had afterwards been hatched into maggots; though, before, the cheese was perfectly sound and entire."*

The cheese-hopper is furnished with two horny claw-shaped mandibles, which it uses both for digging into the cheese and for moving itself, being destitute of feet. Its powers of leaping have been observed by every one; and Swammerdam says, "I have seen one, whose length did not exceed the fourth of an inch, leap out of a box six inches deep, that is, twenty-four times the length of its own body: others leap a great deal higher."† For this purpose it first erects itself on its tail, which is furnished with two wart-like projections, to enable it to maintain its balance. It then bends itself into a circle, catches the skin near its tail with its hooked mandibles, and, after strongly contracting itself from a circular into an oblong form, it throws itself with a jerk into a straight line, and thus makes the leap.

One very surprising provision is remarkable in the breathing-tubes of the cheese maggot, which are not placed, as in caterpillars, along the sides, but a pair near the head and another pair near the tail. Now, when burrowing in the moist cheese, these would be apt to be obstructed; but to prevent this, it has the power of bringing over the front pair a fold of the skin, breathing in the mean-while through the under pair. Well may Swammerdam denominate these contrivances "surprising mira-

cles of God's power and wisdom in this abject creature."

Hunting Spider.

Amongst the insects which spring upon their prey like the cat and the lion, the most commonly observed is the little hunting spider (*Salticus scenicus*), whose zebra stripes of white and brown render it easily discovered on our window-frames and palings.‡ But all the spiders—even those which form webs—are accustomed to spring in a familiar way upon what they have caught; and when we are told of the gigantic American one (*Mygale avicularia*), which even makes prey of small birds (*Trochilidae*), the necessity of extraordinary agility must be obvious; for these tiny birds are described to move with almost the velocity of light—the eye, notwithstanding the brilliancy of their metallic colours, being frequently baffled in tracking their flight. The spider itself, however, being three inches in length, one and a half in breadth, and eleven inches in the expansion of its legs, is little less than the bird upon which it pounces.

Hybernation of Insects.

The number of insects, indeed, which hybernate in the perfect state are comparatively few. Of the brimstone butterfly (*Gonepteryx Rhamni*), Mr. Stephens tells us the second brood appears in autumn, "and of the latter," he adds, "many individuals of both sexes remain throughout the winter, and make their appearance on the first sunny day in spring. I have seen them sometimes so early as the middle of February."§ The commonly perfect state of the wings in such cases might, we think, lead to the contrary conclusion, that the butterfly has just been evolved from its chrysalis. Several other species, however, chiefly of the genus *Vanessa*, do live through the winter in the perfect state; but this, as far as general observation extends, can only be affirmed of the female. Yet will insects bear almost incredible degrees of cold with impunity. Out of the multiplicity of instances of this on record, we shall select two. In Newfoundland, Captain Buchan saw a lake, which in the evening was entirely still and frozen over, but as soon as the sun had dissolved the ice in the morning, it was all in a bustle of animation, in consequence, as was discovered, of myriads of flies let loose, while many still remained "infixed and frozen round." A still stronger instance is mentioned by

* Swammerdam, vol. ii. p. 69.

† Bibl. Nat., vol. ii. p. 65.

‡ See Insect Architecture, p. 355.

§ Illustrations, vol. i. p. 2.

Ellis, in which a large black mass, like coal or peat upon the hearth, dissolved, when thrown upon the fire, into a cloud of mosquitoes (*Culicidae*).*

It has been remarked by most writers upon the torpidity of warm-blooded animals, that cold does not seem to be its only cause, and the same apparently holds in the case of insects. Bees, indeed, which remain semi-torpid during the winter, may be prematurely animated into activity by the occurrence of some days of extraordinary mildness in spring; but, what is not a little wonderful and inexplicable, they are not roused by much milder weather when it occurs before Christmas—on the same principle, perhaps, that a man is more easily awakened after he has slept six or seven hours than in the earlier part of the night. Immediately after the first severe frost in the winter of 1829-30, we dug down into the lower chambers of a nest of the wood-ant (*Formica rufa*), at Forest Hill, Kent, which we had thatched thickly with fern-leaves the preceding November, both to mark the spot and to protect the ants in winter. About two feet deep we found the little colonists all huddled up in contiguous separate chambers, quite motionless till they were exposed to the warm sunshine, when they began to drag themselves sluggishly and reluctantly along. Even upon bringing some of them into a warm room, they did not awaken into summer activity, but remained lethargic, unwilling to move, and refusing to eat, and continued in the same state of semi-torpidity till their brethren in the woods began to bestir themselves to repair the damages caused by the winter storms in the outworks of their encampments.†

Cricket.

"Those," says the ingenious Mr. Gough, of Manchester, "who have attended to the manners of the hearth cricket (*Acheta domestica*) know that it passes the hottest part of the summer in sunny situations, concealed in the crevices of walls and heaps of rubbish. It quits its summer abode about the end of August, and fixes its residence by the fireside of kitchens or cottages, where it multiplies its species, and is as merry at Christmas as other insects in the dog-days. Thus do the comforts of a warm hearth afford the cricket a safe refuge, not from death, but from temporary torpidity, which it can support for a long time, when deprived by accident of artificial warmth.—I came to the knowledge of this fact,"

continues Mr. Gough, "by planting a colony of these insects in a kitchen, where a constant fire was kept through the summer, but which is discontinued from November till June, with the exception of a day once in six or eight weeks. The crickets were brought from a distance, and let go in this room, in the beginning of September, 1806; here they increased considerably in the course of two months, but were not heard or seen after the fire was removed. Their disappearance led me to conclude that the cold had killed them; but in this I was mistaken; for a brisk fire being kept up for a whole day in the winter, the warmth of it invited my colony from their hiding-place, but not before the evening: after which they continued to skip about and chirp the greater part of the following day, when they again disappeared; being compelled, by the returning cold, to take refuge in their former retreats. They left the chimney corner on the 25th of May, 1807, after a fit of very hot weather, and revisited their winter residence on the 31st of August. Here they spent the summer merely, and lie torpid at present (January, 1808) in the crevices of the chimney, with the exception of those days on which they are recalled to a temporary existence by the comforts of fire."‡

We repeat the value of the authorities in foot-notes, and urge this point as one of great merit and importance, which is no where so well attended to as in the "Entertaining Library."

TABLE-WIT OF OTHER TIMES.

CERTAINLY the moderate, or to be frank, the immoderate excesses formerly allowed and practised by men of fashion, did not all debrute the character. What wit did they not engender! to what sallies did they not give birth! But alas! nights of conviviality and men of wit, ye are no more—ye have vanished together! Fox, Sheridan, a hundred such have departed, and have left not a shred of their mantles behind. We have a few punsters extant, 'tis true—dry, crabbed jokers, who affect the play of humour, but who no longer send forth the sparkles of wit. It is thus, as in literature, the coldness of pedantry always succeeds to the warmth of genius, which it may mimic, but never rival.

But now we live in the nineteenth century, forsooth! we have grown refined; and half a pint of claret, the author of

* Quarterly Review, April, 1821, p. 290.
† J. R.

‡ Reeve, Essay on the Torpidity of Animals, p. 84.

"Salmonia" tells us, is sufficient even for an angler. We have men of intellect, of information: we have dinners, that we would make brilliant, but where the remark is as fugitive as trifling, and as little tasted as the refined dishes that are made to pass under our eyes. One hopes, however, that intellects and spirits may brighten after the repast: but no, the guests preserve the well-bred apathy, that makes them resemble the iced and frosted *confitures*, that rise in piles before them; and as each gives vent, as opportunity allows, to his effort of intellect or extravagance, all seem perfectly agreed in despising the generous wine. Host and guest vie with each other as to which of them shall be most unconscious and careless of the position, fixitude, or plenitude of the bottle; and that fount of wit, finding itself neglected, may be said in revenge to have forgotten its ancient power of inspiration.—*The English at Home.*

EDUCATIONAL ERRORS.

We have volumes, and theories, and systems innumerable for educating the poor, and cultivating the intellect of beggars; but respecting the education of the better orders, of those on whom depends the government, the morals, and the taste of a nation, we have, no, not an essay worth mentioning. The science consists in living volumes, it will be said; and, as the law is supposed to exist in the common-placed brains of the judges, so education and its principles lie beneath the perquisites of university doctors.—*Ibid.*

WORLD-KNOWLEDGE.

Study, however wisely ordered, and zealously pursued, is not alone sufficient to preserve mental health. Society is necessary, even as a medicine; so much so, that misanthropes, who loathe and shun the draught, are often seen to turn at intervals in search of relief, in order to gulph down the very dregs.—*Ibid.*

THE GAME LAWS.

How essential a part of gentility is the science of killing game; how popular, how English, are sporting habits and knowledge; and how indispensable a requisite the being a passable shot is to success in any path of British ambition, the highest or the lowest, whether it be the sublime of politics, or the beautiful of dandyism. We know, that when King William sought to regain the popularity which he had lost by his obstinate principles of toleration, his cabinet gravely advised him to visit Newmarket. Thus the love of a horse-race was consi-

dered a virtue capable of covering the crime or weakness of being a philanthropist. And to come down to the present day, know we not accomplished statesmen, high-born, sage, proof in talents and integrity, for ever repelled from influential station by want of popularity amongst their brother aristocrats, and this proceeding from no cause more deep, than an aversion to game-laws, and a disdain to be the slayers of pheasants?—*Ibid.*

We must live for our age: and one may as well be ignorant of its language, as of the topics which interest it.

ONE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

LORD RATOATH had not lived, as far as the progress of ideas or opinions were concerned, beyond the year eighteen hundred—I might say, ninety—when France was still our model for polite society and fashionable manners. Chesterfield and Walpole were his authorities on these points: powers of conversation, habits of conviviality and of intrigue, were to him the first and indispensable requisites for seeking either fame, or fortune, or happiness;—honesty and virtue, (when either exceeded the strict line marked by honour) were set down by him as puritanical and vulgar. The careless generosity of Charles Surface excited all his admiration and the "men of wit and pleasure about town," those characters so admired and put forth in the comedies of the first half of the century, were far preferred by him to the sentimental and better-behaved heroes who came into vogue with the novels of the last half.—*Ibid.*

Manners & Customs of all Nations.

SPLENDID CORONATION OF THE QUEEN RANOVALO MANJAKA, THE SUCCESSOR OF RADAMA, LATE KING OF MADAGASCAR.

THE mourning for Radama ceased on the 27th of May, 1829, after having continued for about ten months.

Her Majesty Ranovalo Manjaka was crowned on the 12th of June, in an assembly of upwards of fifty thousand of her people.

The following account of the ceremony was drawn up by an eye witness, well acquainted with the language and manners of the Madagassians.

At six P.M., on Thursday the 11th of June, fourteen cannon were fired to announce to the capital that her Majesty would be crowned on the following day.

At the dawn of day on Friday the 12th,

the same number of cannon were fired, to give notice that the day for the coronation had arrived. At half-past ten the drums were beat and the trumpets were blown, as a signal to prepare for the grand ceremony. At twelve precisely the drums and trumpets were again flourished, to assemble the military officers of the first rank, and the bourgeois, in the courtyard of the palace called Tranavola.

The same was also the signal for those in the grand place of concourse, to put themselves in readiness to receive the Queen, who was about to appear for the first time before her subjects, and before the strangers (Missionaries and other Europeans). So soon as the first officers had entered the courtyard of the royal palace, orders were issued to Lieutenant-Colonel Benea, at the head of the royal band of music, and three hundred grenadiers, the Queen's body-guards, in full dress, in the style of British soldiers.

This being done, the officers entered the south courtyard between the royal houses, called Masoandro and Besakano (the former where the Queen stayed at the funeral, and the latter where the corpse of Radama was laid in state the first day of the funeral), to receive her Majesty on coming out of her own house to the south of Masoandro, which is called Fohiloah, low roofed, and which is newly built; and to conduct her to the Andohalo, or place of grand national concourse on Andohalo—a fine open space of rather an oval form, of eight acres, of a singularly happy formation for public assemblies. The Queen appeared, walked about a hundred feet, stood opposite to the tomb of the great Adriamasinavalona, the door of it was opened, the Queen took into her hands the standard of the idols Manjakatsiroa and Fantaka; the former the idol of the crown, the latter that of the oath of allegiance. Having offered a short prayer to the great former sovereign of Imerina, and invoked her ancestors, the door of the tomb was shut, and she returned the standards to their principal keepers. The flags are composed of scarlet and hasina (gold galloon or lace): they are of an oval shape. Each flag is tied on a staff, painted white and black; when opened (or unfurled) the standards resemble the cavalry ensigns. Upon the staff under the flag of the first idol is a round red cornelian stone, called Arana, also a green stone, cut in faces as a diamond, perhaps an emerald. Under these two stones is a silver chain, containing six rings, or links; but the idol Fantaka has nothing but the chain under its flag.

This ceremony, opposite the tomb of Adriamasinavalona, being finished, the Queen entered the Malagasy palanquin, all covered with scarlet, and beautifully ornamented with gold galloon. Then she proceeded, and entered the north courtyard, and remained there until the troops were put in motion towards Andohalo, the place of grand assembly. At 12½, twenty-one cannon were fired, to announce to the assembly that the procession was in march towards them.

The Queen, surrounded by her guards, singers, attendants, &c. finely dressed, entered the public street through the north gate of the courtyard. Her Majesty's hair was dressed according to the Hovan fashion, to many long, small twists or laces. On the crown of the head was a child's coral (hochet, French, but in Malagasy, Volahevitri), consisting of five branches; each end had a fine red stone. The end of the child's coral (which was not a whistle) was inserted into a round of mother-of-pearl (nacre), and the pearl was fastened on the forehead. To this mother-of-pearl was attached a gold chain of the Hovan manufacture, which was passed from the forehead to the crown of the head, and then made to form several turns round the child's coral placed thereon. The Queen had three necklaces on her neck; the first of fine red coral, the second in red stone ornamented with gold, and the third a red cornelian. Her ear-rings were long, with a white picture on each, called in French, *anneaux pendants d'or a camée*. On her third and fourth fingers of both hands she had gold rings, ornamented with different precious stones; but the most remarkable was a massino, on the third finger of the right hand, which was well polished. On each arm she had a bracelet of Vakamirana, white crystal beads, then one of a gold oval pearl (oval pearls set in gold perhaps), a third of fine red coral. The Queen had a mark on her forehead, made with white earth, called taniravo when put on the forehead (meaning joyful earth), but the earth itself is otherwise called tamfolzy, white earth. She had her peignoir frock, of blue silk (akanzo): it was gold gallooned at the wrists, and there was a row of gold filligree buttons down the back of the peignoir. Her tunic was of white silk; her mantle or robe (*draperie*), of finest scarlet cloth, beautifully bordered with gold galloon. She had fine, white silk stockings; and round these, above the ancles, she had two bangles or necklaces on each leg: the first was of green substances, the other

was of a gold colour. The Queen wore shoes of yellow morocco. The ladies of the royal family, Queen's princesses, were dressed very finely in the European fashion, as were also the princes.

To return to the procession. Lieutenant-Colonel Benea marched at the head of the band of music taught at Tananarivo, then the grenadiers, then the whole infantry composing the royal guards. Afterwards the Hovan bourgeois, according to the European mode; then the second band of music, taught at the Mauritius, playing on their new instruments from England. Then came the inferior officers; then the Majors, and Lieutenant-Colonels; then Colonels, Major-Generals, and Lieutenant-Generals; then the first Generals, and then the Prince (heir apparent and nephew of the Queen), then the officers, attendants on her Majesty in the palace; then the Talastra, her daily body guard, or rather a part of the guard, with glittering spears in their hands, and swords in their scabbards. Then the Queen, in her splendid Malagasy palanquin, carried by Lieutenants from amongst her military guards. On her right hand were women from the eastern side of the kingdom; and to the east of them were the guard Trimanamakvolana, with shining spears in their hands. On her Majesty's left hand the women from the western side of the kingdom of Imerina; and to the west of them were the Sacalave guards, with their long and bright spears. Behind her Majesty were the royal free songstresses, called Trimiridy; then the family of the Queen, in their Malagasy palanquins, covered with white cloth; then the Trimandouvavy, singing, and dressed in common blue and white cloth; and lastly, her guard Trimandolavy, with fine bright muskets, dressed like the Lascars at their great feasts, brought up the rear in a semi-circular form.

This procession went along northward, between two lines of soldiers guarding the road, and by the ancient crooked way of Andriampomerino, the father of Radama; and the crowds of people on every side, as at the immense concourse on the Andohalo (place of grand assembly), were crying hoo! hoo! hoo! &c. (expressions of joy and acclamation). Her Majesty having come to the south side of a stage, erected for her to stand upon to address the people, was then carried to the sacred stone, about one hundred yards west from the stage, preceded by five of her first generals, with their caskets in one hand, and their swords drawn in the other; she was

then put down in her palanquin south of the holy stone. She got out of her palanquin without any aid, and mounted the stone. While this was being done, the national air was played by the two bands; the five generals surrounding her with their caskets (query, caps) in one hand, and drawn swords in the other.

The Prince (heir apparent) was ordered to remain at a certain distance from the sacred stone. The Queen asked three times, Masina, masina, masina, v' ahoo? Am I consecrated, consecrated, consecrated? The five generals replied, Thou art consecrated, consecrated, consecrated!—masina, masina, masina, hianao! Then the whole assembly shouted, Trarantitra hianao Ranovalo Manjaka!—Long live you, Queen Ranovalona. The Queen then withdrew from the stone on the east side, took the standards or flags of the idols, Manjakatsiroa and Fantaka, and addressed them, saying, "My ancestors have given you to me; I put my confidence in you, therefore support me." She then delivered them to their keepers, and entering her palanquin, was carried up and placed upon the stage, near the north-east corner. The Queen then withdrew, and sat on the royal chair, all covered with fine scarlet cloth, and richly gallooned with gold. On her right sat her sister, and on her left the Prince. Behind her sat many of the royal family; behind all was the infant daughter of Radama, with some of his nieces.

There were observed sitting below the stage, on the north of it, Manjakatsiroa (the idol), and the guard Trimandavo; to the south of it, Fantaka (idol), Trimiriry, and the guard Trimanrakivolana; to the east, the Trimandaovavy and Trimandahohahy; to the west, the Sakalavavavy, and the Sakalavavavavy, but who separated half on each side, on orders being given, so as to leave a clear passage towards the stage, for the people to approach to present their manasina, or tribute of money and homage, to her Majesty.

The ministers, with their wives and attendants, and some others of the nobility, were seen sitting under and close to the stage.

Between two and three thousand soldiers under arms, in close column, defended the N. and N. W. of the stage. About the same number on the S. and S. W. and about the same number on the east. A file of officers with drawn swords were in front of each division, or brigade; and in front of the northern

file of officers was one band of music; and in front of that to the south, the other band; so that a small opening was left in the middle, for the heads of provinces and districts to enter by turns, and address the Queen, and present their manasina. So soon as the Queen arose, the bands played the national air. Then she, leaning on her sister, whom she had appointed to receive the manasina of the people, saluted all ranks, heads of provinces, &c. and the strangers (missionaries, &c.) in her dominions. Then said, "If you have never known me before, it is I who am Ranovalo Manjaka." Then the people shouted, "Hoo! hoo! hoo!" &c. She continued, "God gave this kingdom to my ancestors; they transferred it to Andriampoin Imerina, and he again to Radama, on condition that I should be his successor to the throne. Is it not so, ye Ambadiano?" (the name of all her subjects). All replied, "Izany" (yes). She continued, "I will not change what they did, but I will do more than they did. Do not think that because I am a woman I cannot govern and support my kingdom. Never say, she is a woman, weak and ignorant, so that she is not able to rule us. My greatest study and solicitude will be to promote your welfare and happiness. Do you hear that, Ambaniandro?" (my subjects). All replied, "Izany" (yes). She then sat down on the chair of state.

One of her first ministers then rose up, saluted her Majesty, the Prince, the family, the ancestors, &c. Then turning to the people, he repeated her speech, as her voice was too weak to be heard by so vast a multitude; assuring them at the same time, that the people might put their confidence in her Majesty. Then the first rank of nobility, called Zanadralambo, arose to address her Majesty, and went through the long ceremony of salutation according to custom, then assured her of their true fidelity and allegiance to her as their true sovereign; and then, as a token of this, they presented to her their manasina of one Spanish dollar each, according to custom. Then came the Zanakandriamanasinalona; then the Arabs from Muscat, trading in the country; then the Europeans (missionaries, &c.); and last of all, the first generals in the name of the army, assuring the Queen that they would support her on her throne. It was observed that the Queen thanked the Europeans and the military in an especial manner, when they presented their manasina to her.

The ceremony being ended, orders

were given to the military, Voromabery the guard, to march up in the same order in which they came down; only, that the procession was to return to the palace by the road of Radama—not that of his predecessor, by which they had descended.

The Queen, after having proceeded half way to the palace, was saluted with seven canon, according to the custom of Andriampoina. After having entered the northern courtyard of the palace, the Queen got out of her palanquin, stood near the noble tomb of Radama, took into her hands again the standards of the two before-mentioned idols, offering up a short prayer, and concluded by addressing Radama, saying, "May thy name be always held sacred." Then she walked home to the palace in the southern court (the new palace), called Mahitsy, accompanied by the Prince, who gracefully offered his arm to the Queen, his aunt. Having arrived at the gate, she dismissed all to their several homes. Thus ended the coronation of her Majesty, Ranovalo Manjaka.—*British Magazine.*

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKESPEARE.

CURIOUS MODE OF PRESERVING COLOURS.

BERNARD, of Brussels, the celebrated painter, in a picture of the Last Judgment, covered the panel with leaf gold, before he laid on his colours, and thus preserved them from changing, and gave to his tints a heightened lustre. This method is said to have produced a happy effect, particularly in the sky.

P. T. W.

CONCATENATION.

In 1765, a young man, who had just terminated his course of theology at the seminary of Avignon, went to Paris, where he had not a single acquaintance. On his journey, he fell in with two youths, who, like himself, had scarcely attained their twentieth year. One had studied the law, the other was already an M. D. They mutually interchanged an avowal of the projects and hopes which drew them towards the capital. "I," said the scholar of Hippocrates, "wish to be Member of the Academy of Science, and Physician to the King." "I," resumed the disciple of Bartholus, "wish to be Advocate General," and "I," said the student of Avignon,

"wish to be Chaplain to the King, and one of the Forty Members of the French Academy." If our young heroes had not been alone in the carriage, every other hearer would have laughed at their impudence, and pronounced all these fine projects so many castles in the air; but, how ignorantly of the chances of life! the young physician was afterwards Dr. Portal; the young advocate became the celebrated M. Tréillard; and the young student rose to a scarlet hat as Cardinal Maury!

ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS.

(For the Mirror.)

If the following genealogy of the English Sovereigns, in doggerel as it is, should suit your pages, it is at your service:

Mitcham.

φ.

George the Fourth, the son of Third, the grandson of the Second,

The son of First—Ann's cousin he, as history hath reckoned;

Ann Mary Second's sister, either James the Second's daughter,

Brother he of Second Charles, son of First Charles the martyr:

He James First's son, the cousin of Elizabeth the queen,

First Mary's sister, sister she of Edward Sixth is seen;

Who son of Henry Eighth was, he Henry Seventh's son,

Cousin of Richard Third, from whom he crown and kingdom won;

He uncle dread of Edward Fifth, the son of Edward Four,

The cause of shame and sorrow both to the repentant Shore;

The cousin he of Henry Sixth, the son of Henry Five,

Fourth Henry's son, of Richard Second cousin, born to strive:

He grandson was of Edward Third, of Edward Second son,

First Edward's son, Third Henry's son, who was the son of John.

John brother was of Richard First, the son of Henry Two,

He Stephen's cousin, cousin he of Henry First, he who

Of William Rufus brother was, the son of him we call

First William or the Conqueror, who did this realm enthrall.

KING CHARLES PLAYING AT BOWLS.

At Collens-End in Oxfordshire, the name given to a few scattered houses between Mapledurham and Whitchurch, there is a small public-house once

honoured with the presence of King Charles the First. Whilst Charles was suffered to remain at Caversham Lodge he rode this way, under the escort of a troop of horse. Bowls were then a fashionable amusement, and the inn of the hamlet possessed a bowling green, occasionally resorted to by the neighbouring gentry. The king is said (says Brewer) to have forgotten his sorrows, and to have amused himself with the exercise of the place. A portrait of the woman who then kept the house, and waited on the king, is still preserved as a memorial of the occurrence.

P. T. W.

LINES

Painted under the sign board of an inn near Milan.

"NELLA CASA troverete

Tout ce que vous pouvez souhaiter

Vinum, Panem, Pisces, Carnes."

"Coaches, Horses, Chaises, Harness."

K. M.

RUSSIAN FREE SCHOOLS.

THERE are to be found in many cities and villages of Russia, parents who are desirous their sons should receive instruction, but whose fortune is too limited for their education in cities. In order to lessen this expense, monasteries receive donations from the rich, which are destined for the establishment of spacious cottages, named Boursa. They are warmed at the expense of the convent; and this is all that is provided. The scholars are named Boursaks. The oldest is employed by the rector to watch over the others; and bears the pompous name of consul. As to their means of subsistence, their chief livelihood arises from begging in the villages, where they sing canticles. — *Boursak, by Basile Narejuy.*

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